

loosestrife, great willow-herb, golden saxifrage, water per-sicaria, marsh forget-me-not, and a host of other moisture-loving plants. Amongst the reeds, with their long toes in the water, are young alders and willows. By the roadside just here are all manner of thistles—the various plume thistles, carline thistle, Scotch thistle, and just a little farther on dyers rocket growing on a dry bank. In the lanes on the way are golden rod and St. John's wort in great profusion, and the hedges are blue with hare-bells.

There are very extensive pine-woods here, the haunt of many gold-crested wrens and other small birds, as well as squirrels, wood-peckers, nuthatches, &c. Just now the rail-way cuttings are gay with succory, of which there is an eloquent description in "John's Flowers of the Field" (does everyone know that the 29th edition is quite up to date and corresponds with the 9th Edition London Catalogue?) On B—ston bog we find knotted spurrey, grass of Parnassus, and lesser spear-wort. On the golf-links striated corn catch-fly, English catch-fly, and a most quaint cudweed with little clusters of shiny brown heads, whose florets are almost microscopic. The shore has a strange appearance when the tide is low. First comes the interminable pebble ridge, then a stretch of hard sand—ideal for a gallop—then a broad barrier of broken up marl, dazzlingly white with patches of seaweed and a glint of water, then a narrow channel of water, and beyond come the rocks, with the breakers just appearing over them as the tide turns. We do not often go to the beach now: the bathing is over, and there is little life in the pools and no shells. The shore is too open and the sea too boisterous for the peace-loving small fry, though further out crabs, lobsters and many fish are found in large numbers. Some adventurous spirits indulge in dab-fishing, which consists of sitting for hours in an anchored boat, holding a line which gives scarcely an indication of a bite, and rocked by a swell calculated to upset anyone but a hardened salt.

S. H.

IN MEMORIAM.

HERBERT D. GELDART, DIED SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1902.

To those of us who have known something of the helpful kindness of Mr. Geldart in all matters pertaining to Nature Lore, his death must be a loss which it is impossible to estimate at once.

His never-failing courtesy in replying to letters, the trouble he would take over even an unimportant query, are lessons we may all of us take to heart in these days of hurry and impatience. When thinking of this we should remember that it was a most learned man who thus gave time and trouble to the novices needing assistance in Natural Science. Some idea of the work he did may be gained from the short account printed elsewhere.

It will be of interest to many of you to know a little of Mr. Geldart's work in connection with the House of Education, and the examination of our Nature Note-books, the Class List and Reports of which were so anxiously looked for every year.

In the summer of 1893 he came to stay with us at "Springfield," in order to see what could be done about an examination of our Nature work. The Nature Note-books had already been started on February 3rd of the same year, and as Mr. Geldart was looking through them he said, "I can think of nothing better than to examine these." This was decided, and since December, 1893, until December, 1901, the books went up yearly for his inspection. That this was carefully and methodically done need hardly be stated. Each page, each painting was examined, compared, and contrasted, noted and marked (again a lesson for each of us—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do!"). Nothing was overlooked, full justice and appreciation were invariably the reward of merit. To some of us long years of friendship have made the loss of this kindly, courteous gentleman a life-long sorrow. There is no one to take his place; such

men are rare in every age, and they now seem almost to belong to another period of existence. To some extent it is in the power of many of my readers to remedy this. Lessons in courtesy and, better still, living examples of consideration for others, can be better brought home to children in the Schoolroom than in later life. The students of the House of Education will not forget the friend we have lost, and in memory of his work for them, will no doubt endeavour to be, and teach others to be, men and women of a like kind.

M. L. HODGSON.

SUBJECTS FOR DISCUSSION.

HOW FAR IS A CHILD'S LOVE OF ANIMALS A SAFEGUARD
AND HOW FAR A DANGER?

II.

Love of animals as a safeguard from the innate cruelty of undisciplined Nature has been considered by two writers. I had hoped to dwell upon the less obvious reverse, and point out what dangers lie therein. Circumstances have prevented the writing of the article planned, so I quote, verbatim, a paragraph, by Lady Violet Greville, in *The Graphic*, which very admirably warns us against some of the perils which await animal-lovers in general:—

“Humanity to animals is the result of civilisation. But what about the excessive worship of animals exhibited by people now-a-days? There is a degree between the brutal cruelty to the dumb creation, indulged in by Catholic nations, and the Latin races especially, and the sickly, unnatural affection many women show for their dogs. I know a lady who will not visit her relations in England because she can't take her dog with her, owing to existing regulations, and others who have given up the enjoyment of villas abroad, rather than leave their pets behind them. To

my remark to a friend who lived alone in a deserted spot in the winter, that I feared she would feel lonely, she answered, ‘How can I? I have my dog and my parrot.’ I am, myself, very fond of animals, and like to have a dog about me; but surely this adoration and foolish craze for animals is erring as much, though in another direction, as the exercise of cruelty. Human beings have, after all, the greatest claim on our affections and sympathies, and while there are starving men and women in the world it cannot be right to expend so much time, money, and affection in pampering our pets. The dog that only eats chicken, the peacock that refuses any meat but liver, the cat that prefers and receives cream, are all so many examples of our selfishness and want of balance. Dogs only take what we give. We have no scope for pure unselfishness in our treatment of them; we keep them for our pleasure; we put up in their case with no temper, weakness, or faults which are the portion of even the best-loved human beings, who need our comprehension and our sympathy.”

A child's love of animals can scarcely fail to be a safeguard in his intercourse with them, provided he is old enough to understand even a very little about them. Watch a small child pulling a dog or cat about, notice the calm and complacent way in which this treatment is borne by the animal in question—so long as this treatment is the outcome of affection. On the other hand, the same treatment actuated by a spirit of bullying would not be tolerated for an instant. The beast knows well enough whether his tormentor means well or otherwise, and has his own way of warning the child that he has had enough. There is nothing which our domestic animals, from the horse and cow to the cat on the hearth, resent so much as fear. They do not understand it, especially from that creature whom they acknowledge as their supreme lord—the human child. His arrogance towards them is natural, his aversion to or fear of them is not. I have seen a small boy catch and lead home a great horse who could have silenced him for ever with a slight nip of his powerful teeth. Love of animals